Anne. Now forſooth, why do you ſtay me?
What would you with me?

Slen. Nay, for my owne part, I would little or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my Vncle can tell you how my liuing ſtands. And if you can loue me, why ſo. If not, why then happy man bee his dole.

Anne. You ſay well, Maſter *Slender.*
But firſt you muſt giue me leaue
To be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slen. Why by God theres neuer a man in Chriſtendome can deſire more. What, haue you Beares in your Towne, M ſtreſſe *Anne*, your dogs barke ſo?

Anne. I cannot tell Maſter *Slender*, I think there be.

Slen. Ha, how ſay you? I warrant y'are afeard of a Beare let looſe, are you not?

Anne. Yes truſt me.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run to a Beare, and take her by the muzzle,
You neuer ſaw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.

Anne. Will you go in to dinner, Maſter *Slender?*
The meate ſtayes for you.

Slen. No faith, not I, I thanke you,
I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meate
Nere ſince I broke my ſhin. Ile tell you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a diſh of ſtewd pruines, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hit my ſhin: yes faith.

Enter